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The Wizard Series.

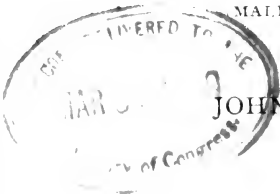
THE LAST COAT.

COMEDY IN ONE ACT.

(MALE CHARACTERS.)

BY

JOHN EDGCOMB.



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THE LAST COAT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THOMAS DANA, Painter.
RICHARD WAGNEER, Musician.
WOLFGANG GOETH, Poet.
JONES, Landlord.
ISAAC, Clothes Dealer.

The actors representing Thomas, Richard and Wolfgang must be of different sizes. Thomas medium-sized, Richard tall and stout, Wolfgang short and thin. The coats must be of different styles and colors, to make the exchange of ownership in the last act more striking.

The scene represents a poorly furnished room; in front, to the right, a window; at the back a door; to the left of the door a bed; on the same side of the room a leather lounge, in front of which is a medium-sized table; to the right another table and two chairs; in the back of the room a broken chair and a small trunk. Thomas is lying on the lounge, Richard is stretched out on the two chairs, and Wolfgang is in the bed.

THOMAS [dreaming]. Italy—heavenly land——

RICHARD [dreaming]. Music—art divine——

WOLFGANG [dreaming]. Be not angry, beautiful lady——

THOMAS [still dreaming]. Splendid—my new picture—the very scene!

RICHARD [still dreaming]. Now, very piano——

WOLFGANG [still dreaming]. Make haste, my child; the scene is wild; danger, I fear, now lurks quite near.

RICHARD [still dreaming]. Now, then, quick, the drum-strike (very loud), bum! bum! bum!

WOLFGANG [still sleeping, falls out of bed calling]. Help! help!

RICHARD and THOMAS [awakening]. What's the matter? What has happened?

WOLFGANG [awakening]. Where am I?

THOMAS. On the floor, by your bed.

WOLFGANG. Strange! I'm sure I got into it.

RICHARD. Most likely you composed a tragedy again in your dreams and tragically fell out of your bed.

WOLFGANG [sitting up, excitedly]. Yes yes, I was dreaming. Oh, such a beautiful dream! So romantic! Yet so awful! Just the material for a tragedy. I was stretched out dreamily, in a shady spot on the green field. Near by I heard the babbling of a brook, overhead the sighing of the wind through the rustling leaves, in the distance the lowing of the kine.

THOMAS. How very sad!

WOLFGANG. No, only ideal; but now comes the tragedy. Suddenly I heard hurrying footsteps, then such cries of despair, in a sweet, girlish voice. I sprang to my feet and looked, helplessly, around. Nearer and nearer came the despairing cries, until at last my searching eyes beheld a young girl of rare beauty, her hair and dress fluttering in the wind as she seemed to skim through the air. I opened my arms to catch her and shelter her, when, with a startled, wild look, and the cry, "A bull! a bull!" she fell fainting on the ground, and behind her came trotting a peaceful cow.

RICHARD. And you were the bull?

WOLFGANG. No! Oh, no! She thought the peaceful cow was a wild bull.

THOMAS. And the tragedy?

WOLFGANG. That's simple enough. The poor girl dies from fear of the wild beast, and the tragedy is finished.

THOMAS [patting Wolfgang on the back]. May your good genius ever remain true to you. Only be careful lest your patient Pegasus also fly from the bull!

RICHARD. To change the subject, boys, I'm "dead broke."

THOMAS. Shake hands, old fellow. I, too am "badly bent!"

RICHARD. And you, too, Brutus? Well, then, Wolfgang must come to our rescue.

WOLFGANG. My only wealth lies in my verse!

THOMAS. Oh gruesome fate! Three such artists, and not a penny amongst them!

RICHARD. I have the appetite of a cannibal.

THOMAS. I, too have a strange desire to eat.

RICHARD. Let's think whom we can touch for a loan or for something to appease our hunger.

THOMAS. It will have to be a stranger, then! No acquaintance would be "touched!"

RICHARD. We must try our luck! Come, Tom, we're more practical than Wolfgang, the great poet of the future! Wolfgang Goeth—he only requires the final "e" to make him the greatest poet of Germany.

WOLFGANG [ironically]. Spare me an "e" from your name, Richard; we should both be benefited. You'd be Richard Wagner and I Wolfgang Goethe.

THOMAS. Good retort, Wolfgang. But your puns won't satisfy my hunger. I prefer buns as more to the point! Let's see—something to eat I must have; I don't care what the cost—if only I get it on credit.

RICHARD. Well, then, forward march, Thomas. We will offer ourselves for sacrifice. You go to the right; I to the left. We will go into a shop where we are as yet unknown. Each will order a pound of sausage.

WOLFGANG. I prefer ham. As it's to be bought on credit, why study the price?

RICHARD. We'll take what we can get. Now, Thomas, when they bring your order put your hand in your pocket for money to pay the bill; then looking very much astonished and annoyed, you must beg pardon nicely, saying you foolishly forgot your pocketbook. Take your little parcel and promise to send the maid around immediately to pay the trifle. Be sure to say trifle; it will give them more confidence in your ability to pay; and don't forget to say you'll send the maid; that, too, sounds well. Now, let's see who'll fall in the trap!

THOMAS. Hurrah for your brilliant idea! We still make a very respectable appearance and should inspire confidence. I mustn't forget "trifle" and "maid." Thereon hangs our fate.

RICHARD. Let's be off, one to the right, one to the left. [Each takes up a stovepipe hat.]

WOLFGANG. Don't forget the ham, and see that it's not too fat!

THOMAS. If possible, we'll have a pig roasted for your 'special benefit! [Exit Richard and Thomas.]

WOLFGANG [alone]. What faithful, noble souls! How they try to look after my comfort! They'll even try to get me ham on "tick"! It isn't exactly nice to cheat people—but one must eat! I shall be very careful to remember every address where we now obtain our daily bread. Then when my new tragedy is finished I will pay

the bills for all. Eleven tragedies are now ready for representation, but I have not disposed of one! I shall try once more, and if my new tragedy is not a success I shall write a comedy! Material I have already; if not enough, my wits will furnish more. [A knock at the door.] I suppose that's a dunner. I'm not at home! [A louder knock.] He seems pretty determined to get in! [Another knock, and Isaac partly opens the door and puts his head in.]

ISAAC. Any cash clo'es to sell—old coats, pants, hats, shoes?

WOLFGANG. No!

ISAAC. I bays you de highest brizes for any old cash clo'es. Will you joost find me somedings?

WOLFGANG. My friend, there's nothing more to find.

ISAAC [entering, aside]. Friend! He calls me friend! So he'll not be for budding me out. [Aloud]. I buys everydings—old shoes old linens—

WOLFGANG. Everything I have is old, but I have nothing more to sell.

ISAAC. You wish for no money?

WOLFGANG. Would you like to lend me some?

ISAAC. Oh! lend! I bays you de highest brizes when you have somedings to sell; but lending—that's a beezness where one is never sure of de costs!

WOLFGANG [reflects for a moment]. Perhaps, after all, you can buy something from me. I shall give it to you very cheap!

ISAAC. See, dere is always a leedle beezness to be done when one has a leedle batience, and obens de door again when it is in one's face somedimes shut. I have been so long in de beezness, I have much oxberience. I have been up de front steps of de rich beebles' houses, and when de servants dold me, not too bolidely, to get out, I went up de back stairs and bought from the madam herself many fine clo'es for leedle money!

WOLFGANG [having in the meantime taken a large package of manuscript from the closet, hands it to Isaac]. Here, my good fellow!

ISAAC. And what shall I do mid dat baper?

WOLFGANG. They are eleven tragedies!

ISAAC [weighing the package]. It is a bidy it is wrid-den on; so it is worth nodings.

WOLFGANG. What! all my work—the fruit of my thoughts!

ISAAC. My young chendleman, I am an old man and I haf also thoughtd a gread deal in my life; bud if I had

bud it all on some baber nobody would haf gifen me a benny. But if I haf a leedle baber from a bank mid some nice leedle figures and a goot signature, and den I can say dad baber is word so and so much moneys!

WOLFGANG. Beside the papers I have nothing I can spare.

ISAAC [feeling Wolfgang's coat]. What would de young chendleman like for his coat?

WOLFGANG [astonished]. For this coat?

ISAAC [still feeling the coat]. It is olt and vorn much, but as you haf noding else, and want a leedle money, I will take it.

WOLFGANG. But I cannot—

ISAAC. And does it den not belong to you? Is it berhabs on credid?

WOLFGANG. No, not that; but—

ISAAC. What do you want for dis coat? It has been worn a long dime [unbuttoning it], de lining, too, is very din—bud I won't be mean; I will gif you—sixty cents, eh?

WOLFGANG [aside]. My only coat—I can't sell all my clothes.

ISAAC. And whad do you say—sixty cents? Dat is a big brize!

WOLFGANG [aside]. If my good friends return without anything to eat, I should be so glad to have sixty cents to give them.

ISAAC. Vell, I dell you; for you I vill make id seventy cents.

WOLFGANG [aside]. Seventy cents! But how could I go without a coat?

ISAAC. If you dond vish to sell it—I can gif you no more. I bay de highest brizes of anybody in de beezness. I mean it vell by you. If you want a leedle money I vill dake de coat, though I very likely vill make nodings on it. Vell, if you dond want to sell it— [Goes toward the door.]

WOLFGANG [aside]. Richard or Thoinas could lend me their coat; we needn't all go out at once.

ISAAC [turning around]. Vell, den, I tells you whad. I dond want to leef widoud doing a leedle beezness, so I vill gif you eighty cents; but I vill be losing my money on it. It is nod in de fashion; I vill mosd likely haf to wear it myself.

WOLFGANG. Well, take the coat!

ISAAC [quickly pulling at Wolfgang's coat sleeve]. Dake it off, den—and vhy you hesidade to sell an old coat like dad for—how much did I say—sixty cents?

WOLFGANG. Oh, no! You said eighty cents.

ISAAC. Eighty cents—it is a bad bargain—I vill make nodings. [Gives Wolfgang the money.] Eighty cents! Dad is much money. [Takes the coat on his arm.] Ven you haf somedings else what you want to sell, joost come to old Isaac. I bays de highest brizes. I lif joost around de corner to de lefd, de second shop. Bud dond make no misdake—to de righd and to de lefd of me lif also some cash clo'es dealers, bud day vill cheat you like Jews. Bud if you come to Isaac he vill dreat you like a Christian and bay de highest brizes. And if you wants to buy somedings, come also to Isaac—no one can sell so sheap as me—so good and so sheap. Joost you come always to Isaac.

[Exit Isaac.]

WOLFGANG. A capital of eighty cents! We haven't seen so much money for ages; but now my wardrobe is reduced to such a state that I can no longer make my appearance in public! Why worry? The tide must turn—better days must be in store for me. All my hopes now lie in my new tragedy.

[Enter Thomas in his shirt sleeves, his hat crushed.]

WOLFGANG [looking at Thomas in amazement]. Why, Thomas, what a sight you are!

THOMAS. A sacrifice to friendship!

WOLFGANG. What has happened?

THOMAS. They beat me!

WOLFGANG. Poor friend!

THOMAS [irritated]. Thanks for your pity. Your ham is the cause of it all!

WOLFGANG. Do tell me how it happened!

THOMAS. Perhaps you'll find the tale amusing! I go to the first delicatessen store and ask for bologna sausage—liver sausage and ham, a pound of each. They welcome me as a new customer and treat me with the greatest respect. Now comes the critical time—settling! After a fruitless search through all my pockets, I beg pardon and say I have unfortunately forgotten my pocketbook and promise to send the maid around immediately to pay the trifle. A most successful plan! In the politest way possible they relieve me of my parcel, the delicious contents of which I was almost tasting, saying: "We will give it to the maid when she comes with the change, as it is not our rule to give credit; we trust it will not prevent our having the honor of your custom in the future." Oh, the irony!

WOLFGANG. And my hunger!

THOMAS. I have lost my appetite. In five shops I was treated in the same way. I had already walked quite a distance when I came to the sixth delicatessen store and ordered with the greatest facility bologna sausage, liver sausage and ham. I noticed a queer expression on the man's face and saw one of the clerks make toward the door. I felt a little queer, but kept my presence of mind and in the most innocent way searched through my pockets. Glances of misgiving had ere this been exchanged, over the counter, between the man serving me and the one at the door. I was asked in the most sarcastic tones if perhaps I had forgotten my pocketbook and would send the maid to pay the trifle! "That trick won't work here," they said. "Such a customer has been here before." Just as I was going to make some further excuse, I felt the strength of some fists, my stovepipe was crushed over my eyes. It was night around me, and I saw stars. Then I distinctly felt some kicks, and found myself out on the curbstone, where I was gleefully received by a gang of street gamins. I hurriedly left the scene of my disgrace and insult, and took refuge in the nearest respectable house, where with delight I heard a friendly voice once more. The words still ring in my ears: "Haf you any cash clo'es to sell?"

WOLFGANG. You haven't—

THOMAS. See what I have done for my friends. To satisfy your hungry craving for food I have parted with my last coat. Here is the money—seventy cents! Now make haste and buy some provisions, for without a coat I will not cross again the threshold of the house!

WOLFGANG. Oh, you unfortunate man, what have you done? My coat, too, has already gone the way of all flesh—and here we are, eighty cents.

THOMAS [touched]. You have also sacrificed your coat for us? You're a noble fellow! Shake hands! Now Richard must be our housekeeper.

[Richard enters, coatless, with his hat battered just as Thomas had returned. Wolfgang and Thomas hurry toward him, stopping suddenly.]

THOMAS [in despair]. You, too—

WOLFGANG. In your shirt sleeves.

THOMAS. You have—

WOLFGANG. Sold your coat!

THOMAS and WOLFGANG [each sinking into a chair]. The very last!

THOMAS. Richard, how could you be so thoughtless?

RICHARD. You need not take me to task, when you're to blame for everything.

THOMAS. And how, may I ask?

RICHARD. Why didn't you stay in your own quarter? After I had tried in vain in many shops to buy the things on credit, I unluckily entered one where you already had tried the trick, and with blows and kicks was returned into the fresh air. There, look at my hat! My poor stovepipe! It's ruined! Rather than let you die of hunger I sold my last coat. Here is the money, sixty cents, which I succeeded, after much trouble, in getting for it.

THOMAS. Now we have money and can't go out to buy the food.

WOLFGANG. Brrrr! I'm shivering!

THOMAS. Wrap yourself up in your tragedies!

RICHARD. Don't joke, boys; the situation is too serious. Who is going to do the buying?

WOLFGANG. I'm not going out of the house in my shirt sleeves. It would be the death of me!

RICHARD. Well, I suppose I'll have to sacrifice myself again. As soon as it's dark I will go out. Give me the combined capital. I shall henceforth be your banker.

WOLFGANG. Here are my eighty cents; but do be sparing of them!

THOMAS. Here are seventy cents—sum total for a three years' faithful coat.

RICHARD. Add my sixty cents, and we have a capital of two dollars and ten cents. We'll rival Rothschild.

THOMAS. I suppose there's no chance to-day of bologna sausage, liver sausage and ham.

RICHARD. No; you'll have frankfurter and dry bread this evening.

THOMAS. Even that is not to be scorned.

WOLFGANG. Especially when one has been without food as long as I.

THOMAS. Well, to-day you shall satisfy the hunger of a ravenous wolf!

[Jones, small and bent, enters suddenly.]

JONES. I'm sorry to trouble you gentlemen.

THOMAS. Our esteemed landlord.

RICHARD. To what do we owe this delightful surprise?

WOLFGANG. Won't you be seated? [All three bring forward chairs.]

JONES. No, thank you!

THOMAS, WOLFGANG and RICHARD [drawing away the chairs]. Excuse us!

JONES. What we have to arrange can be done as well standing.

THOMAS. But you don't wish to deprive us of our rest, so do let's be seated. Wolfgang, bring our obliging landlord the wooden armchair.

WOLFGANG [bringing the chair]. Please be seated.

RICHARD. Tom and I will take the other chairs. You, Wolfgang, are the lightest, so you may sit on the box.

[Jones seats himself in the middle. Richard to the right, Thomas to the left. Wolfgang on a box beside Thomas.]

THOMAS. And now, respected sir with the silver locks, begin.

JONES. You'd better keep your remarks to yourself; my business is not with you.

THOMAS. I'm very sorry.

JONES. [to Richard]. I wish to know, Mr. Wagneer, what right you have to make the room I rented, to you alone, an asylum for the homeless.

RICHARD. That's an impertinent question. I suppose I can do with my room what I please!

JONES. Not at all. I rented the room to one gentleman, and here are three living in it!

RICHARD. While I have a room my friends may share it!

JONES. And ruin my furniture.

THOMAS. Do you call the old plunder furniture?

JONES. If you were only able to pay for the old plunder. I have had no money from you for three months!

RICHARD. It's been much longer than that since I've had any.

JONES. My patience is now at an end. Either you will pay me to-morrow noon or clear out your things.

THOMAS. What shall we clear out? There's nothing left in it.

RICHARD. Don't be impatient, my dear Mr. Jones. You will get your money, even if I have to pay it myself. Just at present it is impossible.

JONES. I will no longer take empty promises; I must see some money.

THOMAS. Then why don't you look in your pocket-book?

JONES. Be so good as to keep your bright remarks to yourself. Not another day will I give credit.

RICHARD. Perhaps you can give us some good advice. Say, my dear Mr. Jones, don't you happen to know a tailor who would make us each a suit on credit. You could make yourself responsible. You see, we have no clothes; our last coats were sold this morning.

JONES. What! You dared to sell anything! You have no right to dispose of a single article. I claim everything for my rent.

THOMAS. Keep cool, my good fellow! Before to-morrow noon we'll sell what clothes still remain on our backs, then we'll see if the police permit you to put us in the street.

JONES [furiously]. You will give up the room immediately, or pay me my rent!

RICHARD. Why so excited, my good-natured host?

THOMAS. Why not live pleasantly together?

WOLFGANG. It is so consoling to have a friend, indeed.

JONES [angrily, getting up]. The deuce be your friend, friend.

THOMAS. We love you so dearly.

RICHARD. We respect you like—our mother-in-law.

[Jones sneezes.]

ALL. Bless you!

JONES. Thank you. [Draws handkerchief from his pocket, letting fall a letter.] It seems cold here.

THOMAS. It seems so to me, too; you might have a fire lit.

RICHARD [picking up a letter]. You have dropped something, Mr. Jones. [Reading the address.] Why, it's for me!

JONES [frightened] For you?

RICHARD. Yes, for me. Can't you read? Here is written very plainly, "Richard Wagner, Esq."

JONES. I must have quite overlooked it.

THOMAS. What kind of a letter is it?

JONES. Most likely a bill or collector's letter.

RICHARD. You're mistaken, old man. It's an invitation from Judge Smith. Listen, friends; it's the turning point of our luck. [Reading]. "I hope to have the pleasure of your company Thursday evening, the 12th, at eight o'clock. Bring your friends, Mr. Wagner and Mr. Dana. I have invited some people whom I would like you to meet." Boys, we are saved!

THOMAS. Thursday, the 12th. Why, man, that's to-day!

RICHARD. You're right! I have only received the letter to-day [examining the envelope], though it arrived on the 5th! Mr. Jones, how has that happened?

JONES [embarrassed]. I really don't know.

RICHARD. You must know; the letter was given to you, and you intended to intercept it!

JONES. Permit me——

RICHARD. I will permit you nothing. Do you know what this invitation is worth? At least one thousand dollars to each of us! Do you know who Judge Smith is? No, you don't, or you would hardly have intercepted the letter! Besides being a judge, he is a man thoroughly understanding art, and likes to take young artists under his protection and help them gain a foothold. An invitation to spend the evening with him is the first step toward success and wealth! His influence is sufficient to make our path in life smooth for the future. Such an invitation you have tried to intercept! For shame, Mr. Jones!

JONES. But——

THOMAS. Here are three young artists, almost in despair, hungry, thirsty, obliged to sell our last coats to obtain a little money; while you have carried in your pocket for eight days the letter inviting us to partake of all kinds of good things to satisfy hunger and thirst, besides containing prospects of a bright future! For shame, for shame!

JONES. But—— It is not too late; the invitation is for this evening.

THOMAS. Do you expect us to go in our shirt sleeves? Had we received the letter sooner we would not have sold the last coat we possessed.

RICHARD. You shall pay damages for the interception of that letter! Either you must give us a sufficient sum of money to enable us each to buy a new coat or I shall have you up in court for intercepting a letter.

JONES. Do be reasonable.

RICHARD. Only a reasonable amount of money will satisfy me.

THOMAS. The interception of the letter will cost you a nice sum yet.

RICHARD. I could sue you for a year's salary for a position lost through your interception of the letter.

THOMAS. And I'll sue for the price of a half dozen paintings, which I'm sure would have been ordered to-night.

WOLFGANG. And I'll sue for the worth of my latest tragedy.

JONES. But you can yet be in time.

RICHARD. The invitation is for eight o'clock to-night.

JONES. It is only half-past six.

RICHARD. But where will we get coats?

JONES. I will put my wardrobe at your disposal.

THOMAS. Do you wish to insult us?

RICHARD. We're not going to a masquerade ball! No, there is but one way you can atone, or else I shall take it to the courts. You must receipt my bill for the room rent, and pay me besides twenty dollars, with which to obtain new coats!

JONES [speechless]. Twenty dollars!

RICHARD. That, or go to court.

THOMAS. Which will surely mean three years' imprisonment.

RICHARD. Choose.

JONES. But, really, Mr. Wagneer, I do not possess so much money!

RICHARD. The money or the court!

JONES. Where can a poor man get twenty dollars? I will give you all that I have by me.

RICHARD. How much is that?

JONES [handing his pocketbook to Richard]. Look for yourself.

RICHARD [taking the pocketbook]. It feels rather light. [Opening it]. Oh! I see money! What a delightful sight! Five dollars—six dollars—eight dollars!

THOMAS [delighted]. Eight dollars!

JONES [sadly]. A fortune!

RICHARD. Well, we'll be generous and take the few dollars!

JONES. Is our affair now settled?

RICHARD. No, not quite.

JONES. What more do you ask?

RICHARD. Please sign this. [Writing.] "Received from Richard Wagneer, room rent to January 1st."

JONES. To the first of January?

RICHARD. Yes, and then we'll move out!

JONES. Not an hour after the first of January shall you remain in my house. [Signs.] There, now, ask me nothing more!

RICHARD. No; now you may go.

THOMAS [opening the door]. Your visit has been a great pleasure!

JONES. Not to me! [Aside]. No rent, besides paying eight dollars cash! I shall never again rent rooms to bachelors! The only thing now is to raise the rent on

my other lodgers. [Aloud]. I suppose you'll eat so much to-night that I may yet have the expense of burying you.
[Exit Jones.]

RICHARD. Hurrah! It was successful!

WOLFGANG. Where's the money?

RICHARD. Here; look to your heart's content.

WOLFGANG. How long I have been deprived of the consoling sight of such a sum!

RICHARD. The main thing now is to obtain coats!

THOMAS. Nothing easier! Give me some money, and I shall soon return with a coat in the latest style in which I can make a fine appearance!

RICHARD. Let's divide! Each may have two dollars and fifty cents; the remainder we'll keep in the fund for household expenses.

THOMAS. Quick! Give me the money and I'm gone.
[Exit Thomas.]

RICHARD. Wait; I'll go with you. [Starts to follow him, but Wolfgang holds him back.] And where's my money?

RICHARD. Why, I forgot! Here, my son. [Hands him money.] Now let me go. [Exit Richard.]

WOLFGANG. Two dollars and fifty cents! What a pity to spend it! Had I only not parted with my coat! [Puts on his hat.] I know where I can buy one cheap.

[Exit Wolfgang.]

THOMAS [behind the scene]. Hello, Wolfgang!

WOLFGANG [behind the scene]. Don't stop me; I have no time.

[Thomas enters the room with Isaac. The latter has over his arm the coat he bought from Wolfgang.]

ISAAC. If only de shentleman in the dark passagevay his head does nod break. He hears and sees nodings; like a madman he runs.

THOMAS. No danger; his head's too hard!

ISAAC [aside]. Dis room look so familiar as ven I had joost boughd a coat from dis shentleman.

THOMAS. Really, my good man, I was lucky to meet you. I was on my way to buy a coat.

ISAAC. Vell, indeed you vas lucky. Here I haf a coat, vell, a—vhat shall I say?—a real shentleman's coat. [Aside]. If de udder yoong man comes, vhat den?

THOMAS. Do you think it will fit?

ISAAC. You joost dry it on; my coats always are a goot fit.

THOMAS [puts on the coat]. It seems to be a little tight.

ISAAC [helping him with the coat]. Vhat for you sheap of dighd? A new coat musd nod hang like a meal bag.

THOMAS. It seems to cut in the arm hole.

ISAAC. Vhat for you sheap of cudding? Dond you see it is new and de seams are vell sewed! Joost like mid new shoes, dey vill stretch. Sooch a fine coat it is, und you looks joost like a nobleman mid it on!

THOMAS. But it seems—

ISAAC [drawing the coat together in front]. If you joost could see yourself! Dere is nod a wrinkle in de back, and in frond dat fits like vax!

THOMAS. Well, if you think—

ISAAC. If I dink—vell, I should know my beezness, and it's my beezness to know dat a coat fits!

THOMAS. What is the price?

ISAAC. Vell, for you I vill make it sheap. I vill make it dree dollars fifty, and you haf a gread bargain!

THOMAS. What! Threc dollars and a half for a second-hand coat?

ISAAC. If dat coat vas new it would be sheap at ten dollars. Vell, vhat vill you gif?

THOMAS. At the most, two dollars.

ISAAC. Oh! Moses und de brophets! bud I can't lose my moneys on it. I bayed more den dat myself for dis coat. Gif me, den, dree dollars.

THOMAS. Not a penny more than two dollars.

ISAAC. Indeed, und mine is a loosing beezness. Vell, gif me two dollars and a half.

THOMAS. Two dollars.

ISAAC. How can I lif mid sooch bargains? I loose my moneys!

THOMAS. Hurry and decide.

ISAAC. Dond lose your batience, my young shentleman. Joost make it two twenty-five.

THOMAS. No; if you don't wish to sell it— [Starts to take off the coat.]

ISAAC [quickly]. No, no; dond dake it off. I vill do a goot deed und sell midout profit.

THOMAS [handing him money]. Here are two dollars.

ISAAC. Vell, you haf made one goot bargain! Ven you haf somedings vhat you vant to sell joost come to old Isaac. I bays de highest brizes. I lif joost around de corner to de lefd, de second shop. Bud dond make no misdake; to de righd and to de lefd of me lif also some

cash clo'es dealers, bud dey vill cheat you like Jews. Bud you come to Isaac; he vill dreat you like a Christian and bay de highest brizes. Und if you vant to buy again a fine coat, joost come to me. No one can sell so sheap as me—so goot und so sheap. Joost you come always to Isaac.

[Exit Isaac.]

THOMAS [alone]. It is a little uncomfortable; I can barely move my arms. Still, one can't expect a new coat for two dollars. Now, at least, I can appear before people again!

[Richard enters, wearing the coat which formerly belonged to Thomas; the coat is somewhat tight and the sleeves too short.]

RICHARD. Well, I am thankful that business is over!

THOMAS. Are you also provided for?

RICHARD. Yes; the coat's a little tight. But I had no time to be too particular, and besides, one can't expect a new coat for two dollars.

THOMAS. That is what I paid for mine.

RICHARD. After all, it is cheap.

THOMAS. Yes, when we received sixty cents and more for our shabby old coats!

RICHARD. Yes; think of it!

[Enter Wolfgang, wearing Richard's coat, which is much too large in every way.]

WOLFGANG. Why, you are already back. It did not take you long to find coats.

THOMAS and RICHARD [laughing]. What a sight you are!

WOLFGANG. Have I not a noble appearance? The coat is somewhat generous in its proportions, but the dealer thought it more practical to have it a little large, as I may grow stouter—especially as we're invited to have something to eat to-night!

THOMAS. Most sensible!

WOLFGANG. It certainly looks better than the shabby thing I sold for eighty cents.

RICHARD. Well, it is somewhat worn, of course. [Examines Wolfgang's coat more closely.] Look at the spots. [Astonished.] Why, what does this mean? [Examines the inside.] Well, I never! [Laughs aloud.]

WOLFGANG. What is the matter?

RICHARD. What did you pay for it?

WOLFGANG. Two and a quarter.

RICHARD. Well, Wolfgang, writer of tragedies, such a thing could only happen to you! He has bought my coat! WOLFGANG. What?

RICHARD. I sold it owing to its age and shabbiness for sixty cents, and he buys it back as new for two dollars and twenty-five cents! Oh! [Laughing loud.]

WOLFGANG. He wouldn't sell it any cheaper.

RICHARD. Mine is a different bargain. Feel this material.

THOMAS [examining the coat Richard has on]. My coat!

RICHARD. What!

THOMAS. And I was so glad to be rid of it!

RICHARD. You're mistaken, man!

THOMAS. My coat, as sure as I'm living!

RICHARD [sinking into a chair]. Oh, what a miserable creature I am!

THOMAS. What unpractical fellows you are! Even if my coat is a little tight, it has at least quite an elegant appearance; besides, it already feels more comfortable, and I can move my arms quite well. [Moving his arms.] I can feel it stretching, as the old fellow said it would. [Turns, with his back to the audience; the back seam of the coat is entirely ripped open.]

WOLFGANG and RICHARD [laughing]. Ha! ha! ha!

THOMAS. What are you laughing about?

RICHARD. Take your coat off; it's stretching too fast!

THOMAS [taking off the coat]. What's the matter with it? [Sees the ripped seam.] What a cheat! No wonder it stretched! Wolfgang, you can sew. Do make the necessary repairs!

WOLFGANG. Hand it to me; I'll take pity on you.

THOMAS. [Hands him the coat.] You're a good fellow.

WOLFGANG [examining the coat, starts, and then says, as though deeply touched]. Well, here it's back again!

THOMAS and RICHARD. What's back?

WOLFGANG. My coat—the inheritance of my father.

RICHARD. Well, we're all in the same box.

THOMAS. Mend the coat and keep it.

WOLFGANG. Yes, I will gladly keep it. [Taking off the coat he wears.] Here, Richard, take your old, shabby coat back. [Sits down tailor-fashion on the table and mends his own.]

THOMAS. Yes, and give me back mine before something happens to it.

RICHARD. It's a shame! I was so glad to be rid of my old coat, and that unlucky fellow must needs buy it back!

THOMAS. And for such a nice sum of money!

RICHARD. At least we have the necessary clothes, once more.

THOMAS. My hat has gone to the mischief.

RICHARD. So has mine. We'll have to go rent a couple of hats for to-night!

THOMAS. Then, at least, we will go in respectable hats to Judge Smith's!

RICHARD. It is high time we went. The Judge will be delighted with my appetite!

WOLFGANG. Children, my coat is finished. [Puts it on.]

THOMAS [helping him]. Be careful lest it rip again!

RICHARD. And don't eat too much. Your coat won't stand it as well as mine.

WOLFGANG. Don't worry. I shall leave it unbuttoned.

RICHARD. Forward now, and may a new life begin for us after this dreadful day—a life full of work, fame and wealth!

WOLFGANG. At least I hope we shall have a dinner every day.

RICHARD. I wish it also, from the bottom of my heart. Now, forward, march!

[All three march off, arm in arm, singing:

Forward, with courage renewed!

Forget the bitter past!

Forward, with courage renewed!

Our luck must turn at last!]

[End.]

A WHITE LIE. Comedy In Two Acts for Young Ladies. By ELLA KEATINGE. Price, per Copy, 30 cents. Five Copies for \$1.00.

.....CHARACTERS.....

MRS. MARGARET PAYNE.	♣	MADemoisELLE DE BASSANO,
LAURA, Her Daughter.	♣	A Teacher of French.
MRS. MARGARET ANDREWS.	♣	MME. JONES, A Dressmaker.
FLORENCE, Her Daughter.	♣	MARY, Mrs. Payne's Maid.

Florence is led into telling a "White Lie" in excuse for not having done her French exercise. In consequence she is forced in a manner most amusing for the audience, but most perplexing for Florence, to tell a number of untruths to guard against being found out, placing herself in the most ludicrous positions, with disastrous consequences. Mademoiselle de Bassano's part is much intermixed with French. A refined and most enjoyable play.

CARNIVAL; or, Mardi Gras in New Orleans.

Comedy in One Act for Young Ladies. Adapted from the French by DOROTHY REYNARTZ. Price, per Copy, 30 cents. Five Copies for \$1.00.

.....CHARACTERS.....

MRS. SMITH, Washerwoman.	♣	ALICE, }	Fashionable Young Ladies.
EMILY, Her Daughter.	♣	BESSIE, }	
MRS. ALLISON.	♣	PRISCILLA, }	Elderly Maids.
NELLIE, Her Daughter.	♣	CORNELIA, }	

In order to swell their scant income, Emily persuades her mother to let their room to strangers coming to town to see the festivities. She receives more demands for her room than anticipated and their one room is in the course of events let to different parties at once. The complications arising when the various parties arrive to take possession and to retire for the night, are very laughable.

FLIRTATION CURED. Farce Comedy in One Act (Male Characters.) By FRANCIS LESTER. Price, per Copy, 30 cents. Five Copies for \$1.00.

...CHARACTERS.....

Meyer, An Elderly Dude.	♣	BERNARD, }	In Ashley's Employ
ASHLEY, Dentist.	♣	PAUL, }	
	♣	JOHN, }	

Meyer has been annoying Ashley's daughter by persistent attempts to flirt with her. Acting under instructions her servants lure the unfortunate Meyer, who is made to believe that he is going to a rendezvous with her, into her father's office. Ashley, ignorant of all this, sees in Meyer's protestations nothing but a fidgety patient, and succeeds in extracting some of Meyer's teeth in spite of all resistance. The play is uproariously funny.

THE LAST COAT. Comedy In One Act. (Male Characters.)

By JOHN EDGECOME. Price, per Copy, 30 cents. Five Copies for \$1.00.

.....CHARACTERS.....

THOMAS DANA, Painter. ♣ WOLFGANG GOETH, Poet
RICHARD WAGNER, Musician. ♣ JONES, Landlord.
ISAAC, Old Clothes Dealer.

Three young artists in reduced circumstances find themselves at last without even a penny to buy some food. Their efforts to obtain some edibles on credit end disastrously. Isaac appears as helping hand, and each of the three without knowledge of the others, sells his coat to him. When they meet in their shirt sleeves, an invitation arrives from a wealthy man who offers them his protection. The way how they get to their coats is very entertaining.

A CUP OF COFFEE Comedy In one Act for Young Ladies,

by DOROTHY REYNARTZ. Price, per Copy, 30 cents. Five Copies for \$1.00.

.....CHARACTERS.....

MRS. MATHILDA RYAN. ♣ A PEDDLER-WOMAN.
MRS. ROSE O'BRIEN. ♣ A LADY, Collector for Aid Society.
ALICE, Mathilda's Friend. ♣ ANOTHER LADY.
JENNIE, Mathilda's Maid. ♣ A COBBLER'S WIFE.

TWO CHILDREN.

Mathilda returning home finds that Alice has sent her some genuine Mocha-Coffee. She has at once some prepared, but is prevented from enjoying it by a succession of annoying callers, presenting very funny incidents. When at last relieved of all unwelcome company, another disappointment awaits her in place of the anticipated delectation. A number of really enjoyable scenes are woven around the plot.

IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND. Comedy

In one Act for Young Ladies. By DOROTHY REYNARTZ. Price, per Copy, 25 cents. Three Copies for 50 cents.

.....CHARACTERS.....

GRACE, Age 16, } Sisters.
ESTHER, Age 18, }
HAZEL, Chambermaid.

Grace is a spoiled child with a good heart, who responds to the advice of her elder sister with stubbornness. At length she repents and is forgiven. A thoroughly enjoyable play, affording splendid opportunity for emotional acting, especially in Grace's part.

TWO MOTHERS. Drama in Four Acts, by DOROTHY REY-NARTZ. Price, per Copy, 35 cents. Seven Copies for \$1.50.

.....**CHARACTERS**.....

HILDEGARD, Countess of Taunberg, A Widow.	CHRISTINA, } Young girls, serving in AGNES, } Castle Taunberg.
ADELHEID, Her Daughter.	THE BLESSED VIRGIN.
ELIZABETH, Hildegard's Sister.	TWO ANGELS.
MARGARET, Wife of the Bailiff of Castle Taunberg.	THE QUEEN OF TUNIS.
BERTHA, Her Daughter.	TWO OF HER COURT LADIES
	SERVANT GIRLS, COURT-LADIES, ETC.

Adelheid, accompanied by Bertha, goes with many other young girls on a pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Loretto. While at sea the girls are captured by African pirates, and given over to the Queen of Tunis. The Queen sets them all free with the exception of Adelheid, whose devotion to, and trust in, the Blessed Virgin angers the Queen. By a highly dramatic incident Adelheid is at last miraculously rescued through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. Young Ladies' Societies will find this and the following play specially suited to their needs.

**ST. ELIZABETH OF THURINGIA; or, the
Miracle of Roses.** A Legendary Drama in Five Acts, by
ELIZABETH POLDING. Price, per Copy, 35 cents. Seven Copies
for \$1.50.

.....**CHARACTERS**.....

ELIZABETH, Landgravine of Thuringia.	KUNIGUNDE, A Peasant's Wife.
SOPHIE, Her Mother-in-law.	TRUDCHEN, } Her Children.
ROSAMUND, Countess of Falkenstein.	GOTTLINDE, }
BERTHA, } Ladies in Waiting.	GERTRUDE, }
HADING, }	ADELIND, }
EMMA, }	LIEBWARTA, } Poor Women.
THE CASTLE-BAILIFF.	GERLIND, }
WIBORAD, Maid-Servant,	MARTHA. }
A MESSENGER, A HERMIT, AN ANGEL, THE EMPRESS, A HERALD, YOUNG GIRLS CLAD IN WHITE, ETC.	

St. Elizabeth, beloved by the poor, whom she feeds and clothes, is persecuted by her cruel and ambitious mother-in-law, who plots to obtain Elizabeth's crown. The bailiff, Sophie's tool, is employed to watch Elizabeth's steps, but when he accuses her of having stolen the food which she gives to the poor, the contents of her basket is found to be miraculously turned into beautiful roses. The empress, hearing of Sophie's treachery, comes to Elizabeth's assistance, re-instates her to power and punishes Sophie. The play is full of dramatic incident.

HARD OF HEARING. Comedy in one Act for Young Ladies, by OLGA STEINER. Price, per Copy, 25 cents. Three Copies for 50 cents.

.....**CHARACTERS**.....

DAISY, Directress pro temp.	}	Pupils of
LOU, Niece of Mrs. Everett,		Mrs. Everett's
ROSE, New Pupil.		Boarding School.

Mrs. Everett has appointed Daisy directress pro temp. during her absence, much to the chagrin of Lou, who by virtue of her relationship, thinks herself entitled to that office. Daisy finds occasion to admonish Lou. Just then Rose, a new pupil, arrives, and in order to get her revenge Lou informs Rose that Daisy is quite deaf, telling Daisy the same story about Rose. This results in very laughable efforts on part of each of these two, to make themselves understood by the other, both of them at the same time inwardly resenting the supposed rudeness of the other. The play develops most comical situations and winds up with Lou getting her just dues.

THE SKELETON IN THE CLOSET. A Comedy In One Act by FRANCIS LESTER. Price, per Copy, 30 cents. Five Copies for \$1.00.

.....**CHARACTERS**.....

MR. SMITH, Senator.	⚰	DOCTOR ALFRED BROWN.
BEATRICE, His Wife.		MR. WHITE, Lawyer.
LIVEWELL JONES, Merchant.		MRS. GOODCHEER, Mr. Jones'
ANNA, His Wife.		Housekeeper.
MR. JONES' CLERK.		

Mr. Jones and his young bride return home from their wedding tour. Jones had not yet revealed to his wife the secret of the family skeleton and is in dread lest she discover it; yet he has not the courage to speak to her about it. Meanwhile his wife hears queer rumors, which at first alarm her, but by tact, courage and confidence in her husband she discovers the very innocent little skeleton and all ends happily.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS; or, A Cause for Divorce A Comedy In One Act by JOSEPH ROSETTI. Price, per Copy, 30 cents. Four Copies for 75 cents.

.....**CHARACTERS**.....

BENEDICT BROWN.	⚰	SAMUEL MARTIN, } Eugenia's
EUGENIA, His Wife.		ISABELLA, His Wife. } Foster Parents.

Benedict refuses flatly to allow his wife to take her parents into their home. The two ladies feel much insulted at that, and Isabella advises Eugenia how to get cause for divorce by vexing Benedict to a degree that he would strike her, with Martin and his wife waiting in an adjoining room to be witnesses to the assault. When, however, they

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS (Continued):

would-be witnesses rush in at the sound of a blow, they are surprised by the fact that Eugenia, enraged at Benedict's coolness, has struck him. All ends in happiness, but Martin vows by himself to try the experiment with Isabella. Very witty dialogue and lively action. The play is always received with storms of applause.

THE FORTUNE HUNTERS; or, Lost and Found. Comedy in Two Acts. Price, per Copy, 30 cents. Five Copies for \$1.00.

.....CHARACTERS.....

MISS HONORA DEVEREUX.	♣ MR. BARRY O'BRIEF, Lawyer.
LADY KILCOCK.	♣ JACOB ELDERLY, Of the Society of
MOLLY, Honora's Maid.	♣ Friends.
CAPTAIN JACK DE LACEY.	♣ MR. SAWNEY OATKAKE, Laird of
SIR LANCELOT BAGNAL.	♣ Glencanniboy.
MR. ANDREW MERRY, Honora's	♣ BARNEY.
Guardian.	♣

Honora is besieged by many suitors, who, she fears, are attracted by her wealth. To test their faith she is going to tell them that her fortune was lost in a bank failure. She confides her plan to Molly, who in turn gives the secret away to Barney, from whom Captain Lacey learns the story. The latter is much chagrined at being suspected with the rest, and when Honora apprises them all of her alleged misfortune, he leaves her as well as her other suitors, much to the grief of Honora, who is really in love with him. In a cleverly worked succession of events the lovers meet again with the usual end. Barney and Mollie furnish some highly amusing scenes.

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY. Comedy in Four Acts. (Male Characters.) By RUPERT HOUSE. Price, per Copy, 30 cents. Five Copies for \$1.00.

.....CHARACTERS.....

MR. STRONG, Retired Gentleman.	♣ FIRST CUSTOMER.
CHARLES, His Nephew.	♣ SECOND CUSTOMER.
HARRY, Charles' Friend.	♣ PHYSICIAN."
MR. BUCKLEY,) Of Adams & Buck-	♣ POLICEMAN.
MR. ADAMS) ley, Dry Goods.	♣

Charles, an honest young fellow, carries his love of truth beyond prudent limits, despite his friend's protestations. This leads to a wager that Charles will yet suffer the direst consequences for his imprudent actions. Harry's prophecy comes true, as Charles is in turn disinherited by his uncle, discharged by his employers, discarded by his fiancée, and on the point of being taken to a Lunatic Asylum, when rescued by Harry, who explains all. The affair ends to everybody's satisfaction and Charles is re-instated in all his rights.

A WEB OF LIES. A Comedy in One Act by JOHN EDG

COME. Price, per Copy, 30 cents. Five Copies for \$1.00.

.....CHARACTERS.....

HENRY CLAY, Retired Merchant.	♣	EUPHROSINE, Clay's Aunt.
ANNA, His Wife.	♣	LEO MILLER, the Family Physician.
ELIZA, Her Friend.	♣	JOHN STONE.

ELMIRA GREEN.

Eliza visits her friend, Mrs. Anna, and in order to be guarded against would-be suitors, she is introduced by Mrs. Anna as a married woman. This necessitates a succession of untruths to make good the first one. When Eliza falls in love with the doctor the situation becomes as embarrassing for her, as amusing for the audience. At last she is disentangled from the Web of Lies, the end being the usual engagement.

PLEASANT WEDDING GUESTS. A Comedy In

Three Acts by FANNY RITCHIE. Price, per Copy, 30 cents. Five Copies for \$1.00.

.....CHARACTERS.....

BENJAMIN STRONG, Mayor.	♣	THOMAS, Their Son.
MARY, His Wife.	♣	JOHN HILL, of Forest Hill, Adiron-
ELIZABETH,) Their Daughters.	♣	dacks.
ANNA,)	♣	MRS. GOODENOUGH.

MR. HOPPER.

The Mayor's daughter is to be married, when an aunt of Mr. Strong, a peevish old maid, and an aged uncle of the bridegroom make unexpectedly their appearance as wedding guests. They succeed in making themselves a grievous nuisance. At length they recognize each other as old friends, and the old uncle is skillfully led by the susceptible spinster to propose marriage to her. A very amusing comedy.

THE NEW SQUIRE. Comedy in One Act. By FRANCIS

McENROE. Price, per Copy, 35 cents. Five Copies for \$1.25.

.....CHARACTERS.....

BARON OF BERGEN.	♣	FRED, His Ward and Nephew.
FRANCIS, His Valet.	♣	HERMAN,) Peasants.
THE MAYOR.	♣	CONRAD,)

PEASANTS.

The Baron of Bergen, while on the way to take possession of a large domain, fallen to him by inheritance, is detained and sends his valet ahead. The peasants of the domain mistake the valet for the Baron. The valet vastly flattered and pleased at the honors offered him, keeps up the delusion, and brings about a pretty state of affairs, when at the critical moment, the impostor is unmasked by the arrival of the real Baron.

THE DAWN OF REDEMPTION ; or, The Adoration of the Magi Kings. A Christmas Play in Four Acts by ELIZABETH POLDING. Price, per Copy, 30 cents. Eight Copies for \$1.50.

.....CHARACTERS.....

GASPARD,	} Wise Men from the East.	♣ FIRST SHEPHERD.
MELCHIOR,		♣ SECOND SHEPHERD.
BALTHASAR,		♣ GOAS, A Singer.
THE VIRGIN MARY.		♣ SLAVE.
SAINT JOSEPH.		♣ FIRST JEW.
THE INFANT JESUS.		♣ SECOND JEW.
THE KING HEROD.		♣ SHEPHERDS, JUDGES, HIGH
THE KING'S FAVORITE PAGE.		♣ PRIESTS, GUARDS, ANGELS,
THE ANGEL GABRIEL.		♣ POPULACE.

A Christmas Play, which is somewhat more pretentious than the general run of what is offered under this name. It has a clever plot and interesting dialogue, and is interspersed with vocal and instrumental (Piano) selections, the vocal numbers to be sung to appropriate music. The Court of King Herod, the Magi Kings and their train of followers, afford opportunities of staging the play with much splendor. Withal it also adapts itself effectively to moderate resources.

French Plays.

Persons in charge of Institutes and Young Ladies' Circles, must be familiar with the difficulty of meeting with short French plays, fitted in all respects to be read or acted by young ladies. The publishers have been induced to publish a few plays that will be found to be just as suitable for acting, as for reading with divided parts in French classes.

SUZANNE. Comédie en un Acte. Price, per Copy, 40 cents. Six Copies for \$1.50.

.....PERSONNAGES.....

MME. BELESMES.	♣ AGATHE, Cousine d' Elisa.
MME. DERVIEUX, Nièce de Mme. Belesmes.	♣ DAME GERTRUDE, Vieille Gouvernante.
ELISA, Fille de Mme. Dervieux.	♣

LA DEMOISELLE DE COMPAGNIE. Comédie en un Acte. Price per Copy, 40 cents. Six Copies for \$1.50.

.....PERSONNAGES.....

MME. DE KERADEC.	♣ MME. MITONNET, Portière.
Mlle ROSALIE, Vieille Femme de Chambre.	♣ CLAIRE, Jeune Femme de Chambre.
	♣ MARIE de Keradec.

ROSALBA.

(Mme. Mitonnet speaks her part in the Briton dialect.)

Operettas.

A PEACEFUL ASSAULT.

Musical Comedy for Boys, in One Act.

By GEORGE ATHERTON.

Price, per Copy, Words and Music 50 cents.

.....*CHARACTERS.*.....

DOBSTON, Mayor of Mokitoville.
JOHN, His Servant.



LETTER CARRIERS, POLICEMEN,
CADETS, CHORUS-BOYS, FIRE-
MEN, A DRUM AND FIFE CORPS.

The Mayor is candidate for a higher office and his subjects surprise him by waiting upon him in delegations, to assure him of their loyalty and support. This comedy is specially suited for schools and colleges having at disposal a large number of boys. The music is original, easy and melodious. The various delegations marching in to the strains of music, or singing spirited songs, present a pretty spectacle. A very amusing entertainment.

A COMEDY OF ERRORS;

or, The Cousin and the Maid.

An Operetta for Young Ladies, in One Act.

By GEORGE ATHERTON.

Price, per Copy, Words and Music 50 cents.

.....*CHARACTERS.*.....

Anna is entrusted with the reigns of the household during her mother's absence. Both, a cousin, whom she has not met before, and the new servant girl, are due just that day, and Anna is unfortunate enough in taking one for the other. The situations are highly comical. The music is easy and pleasing.

THE DAWN OF REDEMPTION.

(See page 9)

School and College Plays.



The stage has at all times been looked upon as a school of morals and the lessons conveyed by the proceedings on the stage, leave deep and lasting impressions. We may then conclude that children's plays, having so much attraction and fascination for young audiences, and affecting deeply their minds, afford an excellent means of moral instruction and education.

Our purpose in publishing a number of children's plays is to supply material which will help to impress little hearts and minds with filial love, respect of parents and superiors, generosity toward the weak and humble, politeness towards all, patriotism, charity, the sense of duty, and with a true understanding of the necessity of work.

The moral is however not so pointed as to render the plays dull, on the contrary, THE PLOTS ARE CLEVER, THE DIALOGUES BRIGHT, the language simple but refined, and the interest well sustained. The plays are not above the ability and skill of the pupils, and have stood the test of performance with success; they are NEW AND ORIGINAL.

Note 1. The age, indicated with a character, is a suggestion as to age of child suited for the part.

Note 2. In every play any number of children may be added for effective grouping, etc.

FOUR SHORT PLAYS FOR CHILDREN. By ELLA

KEATINGE. Price, per Copy 50 cents.

1. The Little Magician.

..... CHARACTERS.....

THE MAGICIAN (Age 12).

LITTLE TOM (Age 5).

A Number of Little Boys and Girls,
ages from 6 to 10.

2. The Sick Doll.

..... CHARACTERS.....

JOSEPHINE, The Mother (Age 9).

ANNA, The Nurse (Age 7).

THE DOCTOR (Age 8).

VICTORIA, The Doll.

3. The Nightingale and the Lark.

..... CHARACTERS.....

THE NIGHTINGALE (Age 8).

THE LARK (Age 7).

Several Children, Ages from 6 to 8.

4. A Christmas Eve Adventure.

..... CHARACTERS.....

JONES, A Barber (Age 11).

MRS. JONES (Age 10).

CLERK (Age 9).

DOCTOR (Age 13).

LADY CUSTOMER (Age 12).

AT THE FIRE SIDE ; or, Little Bird Blue.

A Play for Children in Three Acts. By ELIZABETH POLDING.
Price, per Copy, 25 cents. Three Copies, 50 cents.

..... CHARACTERS.....

AUNT RACHEL, (Age 12). ♣ ELIZABETH, Her Grand-niece (Age 7.)
ROBERT, Her Grand-nephew (Age 6). ♣ POSTMAN (Age 9).
PETER, A Servant (Age 9).

The curtain rises upon a pretty scene, Aunt Rachel seated in an easy chair, Robert at her feet reading aloud from a book, Elizabeth dressing her doll. The children get tired of all this and torment Auntie to tell them one of her own stories. The postman brings a letter from father. Meanwhile Peter makes himself a general nuisance in a very amusing manner. Altogether a lovely picture of family life.

THE LITTLE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT.

A Play for Children. In Two Acts. By JOSEPH ROSETTI. Price, per Copy, 25 cents. Five Copies for 75 cents.

..... CHARACTERS.....

VIRGINIA, The Little Daughter of the ♣ LIEUTENANT WOOD, of Roosevelt's
Regiment (Age 8). ♣ Rough Riders (Age 11)
TOM, Drummer Boy (Age 7). ♣ BERNARD, A Farmer (Age 14)
SOME FARMERS AND THEIR WIVES. ♣ URSULA, his Wife (Age 13)

Virginia, when a baby, was picked up by Lieutenant Wood after a skirmish with Indians, left by them at the roadside. Ever since she has been with the soldiers, and is now with them on the way to Santiago. The troop halts for the night, and Virginia, Wood and Tom find lodging with Farmer Bernard. The farmer tells them of his only son who died a soldier's death while fighting the Indians. In a cleverly worked and touching climax it develops that Virginia is Bernard's granddaughter. A very effective tableau with singing concludes the play.

THE OLD TRUNK IN THE GARRET.

A Play for Children. In Two Acts. By ELLA KEATINGE.
Price, per Copy, 25 cents. Three Copies, 50 cents.

..... CHARACTERS.....

MRS. SCHUYLER, Mother of the ♣ ANDREW, } Mrs. Schuyler's Child-
Children (Age 14). ♣ RICHARD, } ren (Ages from 8
JULIA, Nurse (Age 12). ♣ EMILY, } to 10.)
LITTLE JOE, (Age 5.) ♣ ANNA }

The children sit together on a rainy day, much disappointed that the promised outing had to be postponed. They do not know how to pass the time, until one happens to think of the old trunk in the garret, which contains old costumes, relics of their ancestors. Mother gives permission to fetch down the trunk, and a jolly masquerade follows. Little Joe, who furnishes much fun, is transformed into a dear little page. The play ends with a very pretty tableau.

IN THE FOREST. A Play for Children. In Three Acts. By JOSEPH ROSETTI.

Price, per Copy, 25 cents. Three Copies, 50 cents

..... CHARACTERS.....

ELLA (Age 7).	♣ ALICE, His Daughter (Age 8).
JOSEPH (Age 8).	♣ MRS. BROWN, Grandmother of Alice
A FORESTER (Age 10).	♣ (Age 13).
MR. BROWN (Age 12).	♣ MARY, The Maid (Age 9).

Ella and Joseph, two poor children, are gathering firewood in the forest, when the forester comes across them, and drags them along to his master, Mr. Brown. Mrs. Brown and Alice take pity on the children and comfort them. Upon learning of the destitute condition of the poor children's mother, a widow, Mr. Brown arranges that care be taken of mother and children, and all, even the grim old forester, join in showing them their sympathy. A touching play, supplying an excellent lesson in practical charity.

THE LITTLE BAKER. A Play for Children in Two Acts. By ELLA KEATINGE. Price, per Copy, 25 cents. Three Copies, 50 cents.

... CHARACTERS...

BAKER (Age 9).	♣ TWO LITTLE BOYS, }
NURSE (Age 10).	♣ TWO LITTLE GIRLS, } (Ages 6 and 7)

The little baker is making dough, the while he explains his fondness for baking. The nurse comes in, ordering cake for a children's party. The party is however sorely disappointed through the little baker's fondness for cake. When at last the cake arrives, in a very unsatisfactory condition, the wretched little baker frankly confesses his fault, and is finally forgiven. The party winds up with singing.

THE LEGEND OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE. A Play for Children in Three Acts. By ELLA KEATINGE. Price, per Copy, 25 cents. Three Copies for 50 cents.

..... CHARACTERS.....

JOSEPH, An Aged Shoemaker (Age 12).	♣ JACK, His Little Grand-son (Age 8).
MARTHA, A Neighbor (Age 10).	♣ LOUISA, His Grand-daughter (Age 7).

Joseph and Martha are worried about the long absence of the children on a cold winter evening. At length the children arrive, having some surprises for the old man from kind friends. Joseph tells the children of olden Christmas times and Christmas customs. In the second act the children tell each other their dreams about a little Christmas tree. Joseph is meanwhile secretly fixing up a tree for them, and when on Christmas morning the children come home from church they find Santa Claus has left them a beautiful little tree, around which all gather and sing tuneful Christmas Carols.

A HARMONIOUS FAMILY. A Play for Children in
Three Acts. By ELIZABETH POLDING. Price, per Copy, 25 cents.
Three Copies for 50 cents.

.....*CHARACTERS*.....

UNCLE JACK (Age 13).	♣ JANE,	} Mrs. Astor's Children (Ages 7 to 10).
BRIDGET, His Housekeeper (Age 11).	♣ MARIE,	
MRS. ASTOR, His Niece (Age 12).	♣ ROBERT,	
	♣ JACK,	

Uncle Jack, an old bachelor, is much devoted to music and his canary. His collection of musical instruments is the despair of Bridget, who cannot keep them clean and bright enough to satisfy her master. Mrs. Astor and her children come unexpectedly on a visit and Uncle Jack is disconsolate at the prospect of having so many noisy children around. He is pleasantly surprised, however, when he discovers that the children are gifted with musical talents. The comedy concludes with singing. Splendid opportunity is offered to intersperse the play with vocal and instrumental selections, from behind the scenes or on the stage. A very interesting and amusing play.

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Uncle Sam's Jolly Tars.

Action Song with Chorus for Boys or Girls

PIANO

SPECIMEN

VOICE

SPECIMEN

Start time lightly

1. I saw a ship at sea, a ship as big as Wey had good bye to the sea.
2. You know the ship, the ship that was in the sea. The ship is a great big ship.
3. We'll go on the ship, the ship that was in the sea. And the ship is a great big ship.

"Our Baby."

Recitation, Solo with Chorus.)

Directions.

The Recitation and Solo should be taken by as small a girl as possible.
The Chorus refrain should be sung very softly throughout, and is most effective when unaccompanied.
If only two parts are available, the 1st and 2nd treble parts should be taken, with the exception of the last two bars, when the 2nd trebles should take the two bars given in the copy to the contraltos. In this case the piano should be used.
The spirit of the words will readily suggest to the teacher the way in which the piece should be said.

Recite You haven't seen our baby yet, he's not been out I know
He only came quite lately, just about a month ago.
But he's such a little beauty, with a pretty dimpled chin,
His eyes are blue as can be, and so soft and white his skin,
He's going to be my brother, and I'm *very, very* glad.
I shall have a little playmate when he gets a bigger lad,
But at present he does little else than lie and sleep all day,
And often when I'm noisy, I can hear my mother say

Smoothly
SOLO

VOICE

Mine a-bout a-f-f-i-l-e, ba-bys a-sleep Peace-ful-ly

PIANO



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